

The Poets Call It Moon Madness

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS That He Received Telling the Plans OF HIS BRIDE TO BE

DEAR:—The first tang of autumn is in the air and the little groups of school kiddies have begun their morning walk under my window, and watching them my mind has gone back to the little girl who was me, and who felt so sorry for grown-up folks because they couldn't believe in fairies or have any real fun. And now, looking back, I am almost sorry for the little girls because they have not yet heard the most wonderful fairy tale of all—a story that turns the world to rosy dreams and makes even the most prosaic young woman a real princess in a fabled castle of love.

Your letter filled me with happiness, and, yet, do you know, the more tender your letters the harder the separation. A short, unlovely note sets me to work upon daily tasks to lose my hurt little feeling in a maze of visions of that future home and home duties, but a letter that is full of love makes me restless and full of yearnings, and that is why today the study of economics doesn't seem to appeal to me. And yet, for the first time I am going to plunge into the mysteries of autumn house cleaning to learn the whys and wherefores of how to sweep and dust and put the curtains up to keep out the cold breath of winter.

Thrilling Bit of Romance

To my mind there is a thrilling bit of romance, anyhow, in the storeroom. I love the smell of the cedar chests and the lifting out of curtains long familiar and yet strange because of their summer sleep. There is a certain zest in seeing the rooms turned from summery coolness to the snugness that suggests snowy nights and the moaning of the wind about the eaves, and this year I enjoy it even more, for the coming of winter brings the time when I shall be with you so much nearer. Oh, honey, honey, will it really be the spring, do you suppose? Do you honestly think the new position will be open and that at Easter—oh, I dare not write it, lest, as Aunt Henrietta says, I count my chickens before they are hatched and lose the whole brood from exposing the eggs.

She is so funny. She came over yesterday and took back the two tablespoons of grandmother's that she had given me because she said that she'd heard that two spoons were an unlucky number, and so she is sending me grandmother's teaset instead. Need I say how delighted I am, or rather will be, if the teaset comes, for she may decide that that is bad luck, too?

Love In the Ascendant

I told her nothing was bad luck when love was in the ascendant, but she just sniffed in her funny way and told me that she was old while I was still young, and she knew a thing or two of the world, the flesh and devil and men, who were all three, and that it was never such dry weather that all signs failed when a wedding was in prospect. I laughed so I couldn't contradict her, but do you know, dear, I think that underneath she is having the time of her life hearing about you and helping with my trousseau.

But I wouldn't say it to her. Oceans of love, from H—

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"It looked for a while as though Amelia Bingham and Bijou Fernandez were getting in the Lillian Graham class," said the stage-struck youth as he folded up an early edition. "Oh, nothin' so bad as that," said the stage doorkeeper. "They are not that kind of girls. Just because John Pollock put that story over on the New York papers about a guy throwing a tarry bag over Lillian's head and carrying her off into the wilds of Poughkeepsie there is no reason why you should class Amelia and Bijou with them."

What's the Difference?

"Well, didn't they get kidnapped, and don't that make them qualify for the Graham stakes?"

"Nix, nix, kid," and the stage doorkeeper fairly snorted. "Amy and Bijou

are respectable married ladies, gracing the stage with their talents and charms and have never shown any indications of wishing to go in for target practice with millionaires' walking rear for the objective point. Of course, the man who kidnapped them ranks as a millionaire, but I can't see your point of view for a minute. Here the two ladies go aboard the yacht that is swinging idly off Riverside drive to have coffee after a dinner at the club house. Then there is a ride down the harbor mentioned and they all fall for it.

"When they got off of Long Island some place the ladies want to turn back so that they will be in New York in time for rehearsal. But the millionaire guy decided that as it is midnight it is too late to turn around, and he gives the motorman two bells and the yacht goes on to New London.

Back At Noon

"They all get back to New York about noon the next day, and the ladies in their decoletry evening gowns made a great hit as they turn up at their apartments."

"Well, it strikes me," said the stage-struck youth, "that that is about as scandalous affair as the other and I still stick to my original assertion."

"Kid," said the S. D. K. severely, "you want to read farther down in the article. You will then find that Amelia's and Bijou's husbands were along on this kidnapping expedition."

Tell These to Her And Win Your Suit

DISCRETION

BILL—And you asked the father for his daughter's hand in marriage?
JILL—Yes; last night.
BILL—And what did he say?
JILL—He was very angry.
BILL—And what did you do?
JILL—I treated him as I would a king.
BILL—How so?
JILL—Why, I backed out of his presence.

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By JAMES
H. HAMMON

ALGY

Drawn for The Washington Times

HE WAS THERE WITH
A BUMP



Loretta's Looking Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE
GIRL WITH THE DOG



A DOG on a string leading a married woman may be regarded as a misfortune. But when it is attached to the leash that drags a pretty, young girl like you at the other end, it is an abomination.

It's an object of ill omen. In the eyes of men, I mean.

It makes no difference how you try to crawl under or endeavor to overlook it, men like women who like babies. It stands for the womanly tenderness, the special brand of affection that every man believes is essential to the character of a woman.

Red and Squirming Morsel

The man may positively fear the red and squirming morsel that represents the future man. He may avoid the house where it appears as he would the plague. He may assuage his conscience for ceasing to visit the home of his dearest friends because of the new member of the family by sending costly gifts. He may evidence his disapproval in all the silent ways by which men express their dislikes; BUT he is instantly suspicious of a girl who shares his dislike for babies.

And here's the point—logical or not. It's a fact—a girl with a dog, especially one of the lap kind, summons into a man's mind a picture of a fat matron who hates babies and adores her poodle. A delightful girl I know has three of these rakish, devoted, intelligent dogs with hair in their eyes. A man who recognizes the charm of the girl often plays with her and the dogs. The other morning, he met the dog, with the girl on the string trotting along behind.

"By Jove! It's an insult to a decent dog!" he exclaimed with a look at the girl quite unlike any he had cast toward her before. "I wouldn't have thought it of you!"

The girl flamed into a becoming anger. "I thought you liked dogs!" she cried.

"I do. But not on strings!"

And the pretty girl is wondering at the inconsistency of men. She cannot see why a man will enjoy a girl's possession of three dogs at large on the lawn and resent her taking one out on a string.

Women Who Are Fast

You, with your canine web of white wool rolling along in front of you, tangling up the legs of unwary pedestrians, behaving generally in a way that ought to embarrass you, but does not—just learn of me. You are running down the value of your own goods. You are disgusting the kind of men who make good husbands. You are putting yourself in the class with women who are fast, women who hate babies and women who insult dogs! I'd like to know how you expect anything masculine worth having to want you. You will have to hunt up one of the with-all-your-faults-he-loves-you-kind of men. And they are scarcer than hens' teeth. Men do not have to be tolerant. There are too many girls busy with all their energy at "exactly suiting" them. I should cut the dog's string, if I were you!

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

One man with his heart in his work—the convict in Maldstone gaol, who, according to a Kentish contempt, "played very pathetically, 'Oh, for the wings of a dove,' on the chapel organ."

—The Pink 'Un.

WHEN I GET TO RUNNING THE UNIVERSE

MY THIS HAIR TONIC IN A WASH TUB AND I HAVE TO SEND IT TO THE BARBER EVERY WEEK

THAT PRINTER WHO HAS BEEN TRYING TO SELL ME HAIR OIL FOR THE PAST MONTH WILL HAVE TO DRINK HIS JUNK!

BUSY AT BRIDGE

"Miss Gwendolyn, I should like to ask you to marry me."

"You are interrupting the bridge game now," Mr. Wibbles. Wait until I'm dummy!"

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